Blood All Over Our Soul

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by amoralagent

Summary

He had been greeted by a man who missed him so much he seemed starved of him. Absence and fondness, and all that. Will had cornered him against a surface before he'd even taken off his coat. Of course, Hannibal couldn't even put into words how glorious it was to be desired so wholly, so viciously. Divine intervention could only be credited for how they actually managed to get to the bedroom.

Questions are raised and bad flirting ensues in the post-orgasm haze. Hannibal is pretty exhausted, the conversation is deep, and just about everyone has had enough of Will's shit.

Notes

Title: Insensibility by Wilfred Owen

See the end of the work for more notes

"We should've been doing this years ago." Will muttered, his sly smile unabashed, surprising that it didn't hint at any exhaustion. He placed a lazy bite like a kiss to underside of Hannibal's thigh, crawling up his body to push the sweater he was somehow still wearing aside, kissing at the slick skin at the base of his spine. Hannibal made a low noise of residual pleasure. He'd been rendered temporarily empty of all seemingly unending energy, all from the sweet skill of Will's tongue.

Neither of them could particularly recall much else of the day: Hannibal had left for a couple of days to keep up appearances and visit an art installation out of town (which Will refused to go to), had gotten home that afternoon, and been greeted by a man who missed him so much he seemed starved of him. Absence and fondness, and all that. Will had cornered him against a surface before he'd even taken off his coat. Of course, Hannibal couldn't even put into words how glorious it was to be desired so wholly, so viciously. Divine intervention could only be credited for how they actually managed to get to the bedroom.

Despite how Will's jaw now ached- having dragged it out far too long- he still smiled.

"What makes you say that?" Hannibal tried, his voice shot to an even deeper and thicker accented tone than usual. Garnering what little effort he could muster, he eventually pulled off the last article of clothing when Will kept riding it up to expose his shoulder blades to his lips. He stretched out on the mattress even more when Will pressed his body weight down on him, breathing him in and nestling his face against the nape of his neck.

"Do you really have to ask?" He grumbled below his ear, lying atop him as if draped and weightless. Hannibal didn't mind at all: "It's easier. It feels right-- more primal." The argument sounded lacking when he said it, and it was the exact same argument he used to justify pushing them both off a fucking cliff. Maybe it was just as inevitable as their shared deaths, given the right time and circumstance. When being moody or objective, he'd like to believe they were just regular people doing regular people things, but yeah, *no, never going to happen.* He wouldn't really want it that way, anyway. Will pushed his hands underneath Hannibal's chest, "I definitely wouldn't have pined and struggled so much with loving you if we'd been fucking earlier on. We were halfway there, really, with all the eye contact and flirting with-- *murders*." His voice was probably just as worn as Hannibal's, but it didn't matter.

"You wouldn't have allowed that. It would've been a step too far." Hannibal noted, inhaling deeply to remember this scent- the scent of them.

"Maybe not. But I would've liked to. Some part of me."

In reply, Hannibal made a noise that sounded like a purr, "Are you suggesting sex is the only way someone can be wholly accepted?" Will let out a blunt bark of a laugh, shifting on top of him.

"No. I'm just saying it's really fucking good. I enjoy it." He kissed the back of his neck and rolled off him, yanking on his briefs and hopping out of bed to finally find a hot towel to wipe themselves down with.

"I suppose it's won out. Over the many other outcomes. Most of them final." Hannibal supposed, turning over onto his back, skin cooling.

"I don't enjoy admitting that we used to flirt. Like, *a lot*. It always seemed to have an ulterior motive." The sound of the tap running put to conversation on hold for a moment, then Will continued, "The immature belief that flirting is a prerequisite for sex is ridiculous."

Hannibal adjusted the angle of his head on the pillow when Will reentered the room. Will had to stop to stare at him for a few seconds, how the light hit his skin in the dark of the room. He didn't quite realise he was staring slack-jawed until Hannibal smiled at him and moved a hand under his head, like he was posing, "What do you think it is?"

That snapped Will out of his daze, padding around the bed and slipping into Hannibal's lap again, wiping the dried mess from Hannibal's stomach, being watched the entire time, "It's an easy reminder that people can accept you and find you attractive, *without* an ulterior motive. At least, good flirting is." He considered, trying to remain focused on his task.

"Flirtation can be a potent reminder of our wrongfully negative opinions of ourselves."

"Yeah. It raises self esteem-- if done by the right person, that is." He met Hannibal's eyes then, and all their appreciation. Will shuffled backwards and cleaned up, and got off of him before he tried to keep him there. A hand tried to stop him when he clambered up, and he swatted it away, shooting a suspicious look over his shoulder at him. In the middle of brushing his teeth he turned back to Hannibal, toothbrush still hanging out of his mouth, taking it out midway through the question, "Do you think-- that we could've been purely content without physical intimacy?"

Hannibal's eyes were half-lidded, with tiredness and useless ebbs of arousal, despite toothpaste almost dripping unceremoniously down Will's front. He still thought he was beautiful, "Do you?"

Will went back to the sink and spat, turning on the tap, his voice echoing against the tiles, "Probably." He didn't sound too convinced, most likely because of bias: "Well, we have physical needs- it's more rounded for us to have sex. It makes... *sense*." Falling back on the bed, he pulled the covers up a bit and curled up to the warmth of Hannibal's body, placing his head on his stomach, "But no, of course you don't have to fuck someone to show them you love them."

"Eloquently put." Hannibal's free hand came to rest in his hair, drawing circles, staring up, past the ceiling, "Sexual expression can convey such emotion, but it is one of many aspects. Thinking that physicality is the only solution to loneliness is a damaging headspace."

"Yeah."

"The real attraction of it is not the act itself, but the accepting nature that underpins it." Hannibal furthered, his hand falling to cradle Will's cheek when he moved over him, lying between his legs with his head on his chest.

"To know that you're wanted in your rawest state." Will conceded, his fascinated expression tempered with a want so present it was tangible- chaste but intense. The force of it alone was enough to leave Hannibal breathless. He threaded his fingers back up into his curls.

"Devoid of pretence and everyday displays of dignity, far beyond the deft touching of skin."

"Uh-huh." Will lowered his eyes and kissed Hannibal's sternum, moving up and leaning closer, voice dropping as his smile grew, "But the not-so-deft touch of your skin sure is *fucking hot."* And he kissed him, stopped by Hannibal's hand tightening in his hair, looking notably unimpressed.

"Will."

"What?" He grinned coyly, kissing him again, mumbling between kisses: "I'm not even sorry."

End Notes

Yo, having sex is chill and not having sex is just as chill- pretty sure we all know that! Please don't be offended if this is insensitive in some way!

Also, I'm writing a lot of these as a form of procrastination from my other AU stuff. So expect more. Thank you so much for all the support!

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